

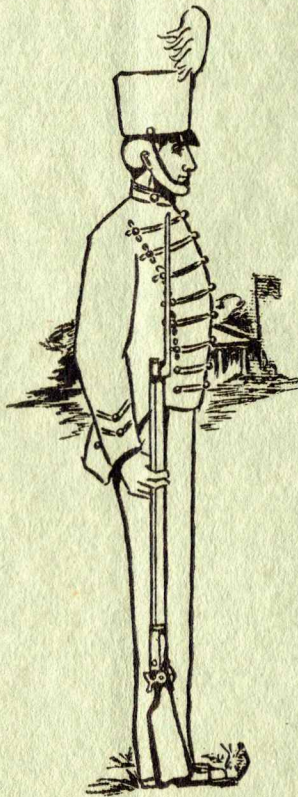
*Walton*

# *The* BAYONET

Volume IV

February, 1909

Number 5



Published by the Cadets *of* the Augusta Military  
Academy, Fort Defiance, Virginia



# A. M. A. BAYONET

*"AD ASTRA PER ASPERA"*

Vol. IV

February, 1909

No. 5

## BAYONET STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Chas. J. Churchman

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R. J. Howard

ALUMNI

J. N. Van Devanter, Jr.

ATHLETIC

C. E. Smith

T. A. Nalle

BUSINESS MANAGER

H. A. Sawyer

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

B. B. Clarkson



## Editorial



### Some Thoughts



ELL, fellows, Intermediate exams. are over and if you passed we congratulate you, and if you "flunked" we wish we could console you. There is no use worrying over them now. The time for worrying was before they came. Remember that final exams. are yet to come, so let your feet be guided by the lamp of experience and do better next time. If you passed don't be over confident and if you failed don't be discouraged, but just do your best, however you stand. We are all here for a definite purpose and that purpose is not just to have a pleasant place to spend the winter. Do you ever think that half the school session is now over and that we are now entering on the home stretch.

There are some questions you may ask yourself and profit by them. Have you done your duty to yourself, to your parents and to the school? If not, whose fault was it and why? Have



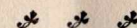
you improved your opportunities? Are you trying to prepare yourself to be a man some day, in the true sense of the word, morally, mentally, and physically? It is as bad to be a fanatic on study as not to study. To realize its greatest power the mind must have work interspersed with recreation so as not to become stale. An excess of either is injurious, but the two properly blended tend to make a fellow intelligent, self-reliant and wide-awake. It is up to us to do our best and then win out triumphantly at Finals.



### Personal

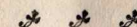
WE ARE very sorry, indeed, that there is cause to write a piece of this nature, but trust that when the subject is presented to the school in its true light the objections can be cleared away. We want to state, first of all, the object of the "personal" column of THE BAYONET. This column is not intended to afford a secret and cowardly way to take out a personal grudge, and all personals of this character are rejected. The personal column is ment to consist of the jokes and sayings heard around barracks and some are "made to order." The personal column is, in a large measure, the life of the average school paper; anyone has to acknowledge that it adds interest and life to a publication. This is the purpose of our personal column and the jokes are not "personal grinds" but are for amusement. We wish this to be understood: All jokes in THE BAYONET are for the fun that can be gotten out of them and are not intended for personal revenge against anyone. They are all carefully studied before being sent in for publication. Everyone should have known this but, now that it is explained, there can be no ground for "kicking." Some few, we are sorry to say, come to the personal editor or editor-in-chief and "raise cane" because some little personal has gone into the paper and someone had a laugh over it. The man that cannot stand a joke is made of pretty poor stuff; he generally manages to laugh when he gets the joke on someone else but when the laugh's on him he gives up and and gets "sore." The fellow that can't stand a little joking is very much "out of order." We can't expect to have a good paper when everybody who finds something that does not suit his particular taste comes howling back at the editors; you can't please everybody you

know. Everyone knows that they are not necessarily true and don't think anymore about them after they have had a good laugh. We hope that "A word to the wise is sufficient" and we are glad to say that very few, indeed, did any "kicking." Remember, fellows, nothing personal is meant, but, if you cannot look at a joke in any other way, then look at it any way you want to and if it really fits you wear it.



### A True Story

**D**URING last summer Cadet Wolf Bush, from Washington, D. C., was visiting at a farm near the Academy. Bush had never been out of the city much, consequently he was as green about country things as "Rube Allen" would have been in ordering a swell dinner at Delmonicos. Wolf was helping around the house one day and was asked to go out in the orchard to get some peaches. He had never seen any peaches growing on a tree, so the exact tree was pointed out to him, in order that no mistake should be made. It happened that a red calf was grazing under the tree, so he decided that he would use that to mark the right tree. When he arrived out in the orchard the calf had moved under a "winter apple" tree and Wolf, full of enthusiasm in his quest for the peaches, scaled this tree and in a few minutes had his buckets full of green apples. With a great deal of pride he brought his buckets to the house and said, "Here are your peaches but they are awful bitter and have no big seeds in them like those we buy out of the stores in Washington."



Woman in her hours of freeze

Is uncertain, coy, and hard to please.—Ex.

Collingwood: Capt. W. How long would it take a camel to cross the Suez Canal?

A number of nicknames have appeared around the barracks. Some of them are, Nalle, "Buzzfuzz"; Collingwood, "Disconnected"; Holmes, "Borenose"; Hamilton, "Quailhead"; Magee, "Bridget," and last of all Kirkpatrick rejoices in the famous cognomen of "Gollywog."



### A Dactylic Hexameter

Intermediate exams. are over at last,  
Some have "flunked" and some have passed,  
Some's measure of joy has been well filled,  
Some's highest hopes have alas! been spilled.

Congratulations we extend to all who passed,  
Sympathy to those who came in last,  
Thus it has been since school first started  
And teachers to pupils their knoweldge imparted.

It will be just so while schools remain  
Whether in city or out on the plain:  
Some scholars will pass and joyful be,  
Others will fail and lament just as we.

So to assuage our grief there's one thing we know,  
We are not the first to do just so,  
That you who passed may wear the same hats,  
Remember, good work has been done even by "rats."

We wish sometimes exams. had never been thought of,  
And we feel certain the idea didn't come from above;  
But no matter from whence they may come  
When they strike us, we have to hustle some.

We get lost in the jungles of Latin and Greek  
And the examples in Algebra play "hide and seek,"  
Then we get "bumfizzled," we give up in disgust  
And know for certain that we made a big "bust."

The next thing then is to blame the exam.  
And claim we didn't have time to cram,  
We find that our protests have been worked before,  
So we swallow the medicine and say no more.



Howard, who is manager of a zo-ological garden in summer, was off on a vacation when he received this message from his first assistant: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

## Athletics

### Officers

#### PRESIDENT

C. J. Churchman

#### TREASURER

Capt. A. C. Pole

#### ASSISTANT TREASURER

J. W. A. Holmes

#### Executive Committee

Col. T. J. Roller Capt. E. H. Hancock Major C. S. Roller, Jr.

Capt. A. C. Pole

C. J. Churchman

#### Football Team

#### COACHES

Capt. E. H. Hancock

Capt. R. W. Massie

#### CAPTAIN

M. V. Gardner

#### MANAGER

E. H. Hancock

#### Basket-Ball

#### CAPTAIN

A. C. Pole

#### ASSISTANT CAPTAIN

B. B. Clarkson

#### Tennis Club

#### PRESIDENT

Capt. A. M. Withers

#### TREASURER

H. A. Sawyer

### S. M. A. 48; vs. A. M. A. 20

#### At Staunton

**T**HE A. M. A. team went up to Staunton on the 10th of January and, sad but true, suffered a defeat. The game started promptly at 8.30. The first half was a beautiful game, our boys outpassing the S. M. A. boys by a good deal. The first goal was made by S. M. A. and the goals came to each side in turn. S. M. A. getting the better of us at the end of the first half by one field goal and two fouls. The score was 17 to 13. Time of half, twenty minutes.

#### SECOND HALF

In the second half our boys lost confidence in themselves and S. M. A. had nearly a walkover. S. M. A. scored 31 points



in the last half, while our boys could only run up 7. Landes and Churchman played the star game for A. M. A. At the end of the second half the score stood 48 to 20. Time of half, twenty minutes.

Referee, Major Roller.

Scorer, Van Devanter.

Timekeeper, Smith.

#### A. M. A. LINE-UP

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| R. F., Landes         | Center, Collingwood |
| R. G., Churchman      | SUBS                |
| L. G., Clarkson       | Van Devanter        |
| L. F., Pole (Captain) | Smith               |

### A. M. A. 10; vs. S. M. A. 11

#### At Ft. Defiance

The second game started at 8:30 on January 30, and was played at the Academy Hall. The game started with a snap and vim on both sides, A. M. A. making two field goals before the visitors had scored a point. Then the visitors scored three points and the score stood the same until S. M. A. made a field goal. Then in the last minute of play in the first half, A. M. A. made a field goal making the score 6 to 5. Time of half, fifteen minutes.

#### SECOND HALF

The second half opened with S. M. A. scoring a field goal and a foul in the first three minutes of play. Then our boys got to work and made one field goal, tying the score. Then the score stood the same for about seven minutes of play, when a double foul was called, Maxwell shot the foul for S. M. A. A. M. A. missed their chance, making the score 9 to 8 in favor of S. M. A. After three more minutes of play, A. M. A. scored one field goal, making the score 10 to 9. The score stood the same until the last minute of play, when S. M. A. scored a field goal. Time was then called, the score standing

10 to 11 in favor S. M. A. The game was either side's until the whistle blew and it was through the toughest kind of luck our boys lost. Time of second half, fifteen minutes.

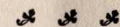
Referee, Major Roller.

Scorer, Howard.

Time-keeper, Smith.

#### A. M. A. LINE-UP

|                       |        |
|-----------------------|--------|
| R. F., Landes         | Subs   |
| R. G., Churchman      | Easley |
| L. G., Collingwood    | Youell |
| L. F., Pole (Captain) | Smith  |
| Center, Clarkson      |        |



### An Incident

Her eyes were as brown as could be eyes,  
Her dimples the dearest I knew;  
I was a cadet—learned and wise,  
She was my sweetheart true.

Once when the time for tattoo was past  
And we stood by the open door,  
Saying a good night, sweet and last,  
In the moonlight—just one more.

I heard a step on the stairs above  
And looking up the landing—  
With a candle in his hand,  
I saw her father standing.

And he spoke to the moonlight on the floor,  
In a voice that froze my blood;  
"Will somebody kindly close that door?"  
Then I knew my name was "Mud."

I simply made a grab for my hat  
And never a word replied;  
I shut the door—be sure of that  
But I was on the outside.

—"W"





### Officers

PRESIDENT

C. J. Churchman

VICE PRESIDENT

A. M. Withers

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

A. C. Pole

**T**HE meetings this month have been well attended and the outlook for the Y. M. C. A. is very encouraging. Several new leaders have been persuaded to lead who never led before and they did excellently well, leaders this month were Howard Leonard and Capt. Withers.

At a meeting this month Col. Roller read a letter from the State Y. M. C. A. stating that on account of some new lines of work being taken up by the Association they would have to have more money and asked us for a contribution. The cause is a very worthy one and the Association voted the sum of \$10 to be given to it.

We now gather in the parlor on Friday nights in order to learn new hymns and with the help of Miss Maggie Bell Roller, who has kindly consented to furnish us with music on these occasions, we hope to soon learn some new hymns and be able to sing them fairly well. If we do not, none of the blame will fall due to her who has so readily and efficiently aided us.

On Sunday night, February 14th, we were addressed by Mr. E. G. Gammon, of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., on the subject of "Choosing Our Life's Work." He said it was a very hard thing to choose our calling but that it could only be done by ourselves alone and we must be aided by God. We must consult Him about it and whatever course He points out to us will be the right one to follow. He told what a great thing it was to be called to the ministry, but did not belittle the other professions. All that he asked was that we give the matter our

most careful consideration and invoke God's divine aid in settling the question. He gave an interesting talk and it was enjoyed by everyone. We will be very glad to see Mr. Gammon again and will give him a most hearty welcome if he ever returns this way. We are always glad to welcome anyone who will help us with the work of the Association.



A. M. A.

FORT DEFIANCE, VA.

December 6, 1908.

Dearest Father :

The beginning of this brilliant effusion will not seem strange to you because you can or have already guessed what follows such an admonitive heading.

Having dispensed the princely patrimony with which I have been endowed, it becomes necessary to make some appeal for succor in a monetary sense. The former patrimony, alias endowment, being so infinitesimal it is not in the least licentious to ask for the relatively small sum of sixty shekels.

The acquisition of such a sum to my monogram would be very pleasing to me and the non-arrival of aforesaid sum would be very detrimental to my happiness, as well as humiliating, and would place me in a vindictive state of mind.

I could not begin to enumerate the reasons for which I should have the aforesaid amount and inversely there is no reason that I should not receive it, aside from your antipathy and the U. S. Mail.

Hoping you will affiliate with the idea and hoping my exemplary conduct will be an incentive to the arrival of the money by the 15th, at which date we leave, I remain

Yours lovingly and hopefully,

BLANK.

P. S.—Have considered matter carefully and find \$60.00 is not too sanguine an idea.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The foregoing, by chance, fell into our hands and considering it to be a very unique appeal just before Christmas, we have taken the liberty of publishing it.]



## My Creed

HENRY VAN DYKE

**T**HIS is my creed: To do some good,  
 To bear my ills without complaining,  
 To press on as a brave man should  
 For honors that are worth the gaining;  
 To seek no profits where I may  
 By winning them bring grief to others,  
 In helping on my toiling brothers.  
 To do some service day by day,

This is my creed: To close my eyes  
 To little faults of those around me:  
 To strive to be when each day dies  
 Some better than the morning found me:  
 To ask for unearned no applause,  
 To cross no river till I reach it,  
 To always have a worthy cause,  
 To fearlessly and fairly preach it.

This is my creed: To wisely shun  
 The sloughs in which the foolish wallow  
 To lead where I may be the one  
 Whom weaker men should choose to follow,  
 To keep my standards always high  
 To find my task and bravely do it.  
 This is my creed: I wish that I  
 Could even live half way up to it.

## The "Merry Widows" Entertain

**T**HE first performance on the program was a touching ballad entitled "The Night Rider." This was artistically rendered by Count Kirkpatrick, who became so enthusiastic and realistic in his dramatic work that he chased around the stage on his imaginary horse till from sheer exhaustion he fell panting to the floor. He was heroically resuscitated by Ted Waters, who dragged the now debilitated Count off the stage with an ice hook, amid cries of "cracker-jack!" and "peanuts!" from Warwick Landes and Tom Sawyer. "Lead Pencil Lou" and "Wobby" next entertained the vast audience with some marvelous feats in high-kicking and toe-dancing. Never has such elephantine grace been seen on the local boards. In one special act the contortions become so fast and furious that "Lead Pencil Lou" lost his balance and fell headlong through the bass drum which was being beaten vigorously by Herr Smith. This deplorable accident moved Collingwood to tears and Nalle refused to be comforted until threatened with ejection by policeman, J. W. Holmes, alias "Pine Knot Jack." Perhaps the most pleasing part of the program was a difficult duet by Messrs. Gallagher and "King Jake." The song, "Who slang that boot-jack through my cat," is an original composition by King Jake with special parts for solo ranges. The applause was deafening when the singers after a brilliant climax smirked off the stage. "Trixie" Bennett, the flower-boy devoured the large basket of vegetables which he was conveying to the two performers. At this point refreshments were served, consisting of "Jack," "Zulus" and "Pop."

A very exact and beautiful rendition of "Hamlet" by Pacheco brought the multitude to its feet in a rousing ovation. "Wobbie" became so affected during the recital, that frequently he was seen to weep on the shoulder of "Little John W. A." Churchman then gave a very realistic demonstration of "way-laying" and "foot-padding" in New York. His handling of the sand-bag and knowledge of the famous "Jit-Jou" was very thorough. He told the audience that a larger part of this experience had been acquired in the New Barracks, using a clothes-bag for his black-jack and applying football tactics when hard-pressed. The performance closed with a difficult selection on



the sewing machine by Hastie. The manner in which he handled the instrument was wonderful. There was a death-like silence when he pedaled so slowly that the motion was scarcely perceptible, and on the other hand when the machine fairly rocked with its awful speed, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Now and then Rountree, H., who was turning the music would apply cold towels well-soaked in Lithia water to the heaving chest of the performer. The piece closed in a grand burst of speed. Mitchell and Sterrett wept with emotion, while Clarkson burst forth with the song: "As you sew, so shall you rip." Thus ended the performance.



### An Adventure

R. J. H.

**I**T WAS in the year of our Lord 1686 and I lived with my uncle at his estate in Northamptonshire. I was at that time but sixteen years old and had for my tutor a Roman Catholic priest. My uncle and my tutor, Father James, were constantly receiving messages and messengers secretly. One day I was in Father James' study when I heard something tapping on the wall. Father James got up and went over to the great fireplace and moved, by pressing some kind of a spring, a great stone from beside the fireplace and out stepped a man dressed as a farmer who gave the Father a large package of papers and after whispering in his ear, disappeared the way he came. The Father broke the seal and looked over the papers and his face suddenly turned pale. He hurriedly left the room and in a few minutes returned and said that we must fly.

He opened a secret cupboard and took out some papers, which he burned in a brazier near by. Suddenly there was a great noise at the castle gate and I looked out and saw the castle was surrounded by a troop of cavalry, while some of them were pounding on the gate and crying for admission. The Father took two swords from over the fireplace, taking one himself and giving the other to me. Then we descended through the secret passageway from which the secret messenger had come. After we had gone a short distance I asked the Father to explain matters to me.

He said that he and my uncle were secret agents of James II and that a short time before, their connection with James II had been discovered and troops had been sent to arrest them. He had been lucky enough to get to this secret passage, which led out beyond the castle to the gardener's house. While he was talking there appeared a light coming towards us down the passage. We both drew our swords and stood still till the light approached us, and we could see by the light an officer and four men. Father James called on them to halt, but the officer drew a pistol and fired. We heard the bullet go past us as we ducked our heads. Father James jumped up and ran the officer through before he could draw his sword, while I engaged a soldier. While we were fighting we heard shouts and footsteps behind us. Here we were in this underground passage, caught like rats in a trap.

The steps behind us kept getting nearer and nearer; when I ran my man through the throat, kicked over the lantern and made off down the passage with the good Father at my heels. We got out of the passage all right but when we started to leave the gardener's house we found we were in the middle of the cavalry troop that was surrounding the castle. We sneaked out and grabbed two horses and made off down the road amid a rain of bullets, Father James turned to look around and fell from his horse, dead. He had a hole right in the center of his forehead where a musket ball had struck him. I left him lying in the road and pushed rapidly forward in order to escape my pursuers. I rode never stopping until I reached London and there took a ship for France. Later I learned my uncle had been beheaded and there was an offer of £500 for me dead or alive for carrying special messages to the King of France.



Bennett starts to leave a room with a bunch of fellows leaving Tucker Cook alone in the room.

Cook: Goodbye, Bennett, "birds of a feather flock together."

Bennett: That's so, believe I will stay awhile.

### His Idea

Cadet Webb says that the chief objection to having a telephone line across the ocean instead of the cable is that the tempests would blow down so many poles.



### Alumni Notes

On February 17th, Mr. John D. Crowle, of Staunton, an alumnus of A. M. A., visited us. Mr. Crowle is a member of the Alumni Committee who have been chosen to see to the erecting of a suitable shaft to the memory of Col. Charles S. Roller, founder and principal, for a great many years, of the Augusta Military Academy. He made a strong, earnest appeal for our co-operation in the matter and paid several fitting tributes to the memory of his beloved teacher. He read some clippings from different papers on the subject and communicated some of the plans to us. It is indeed a worthy enterprise and one that every son of old A. M. A., old and young should take a personal pride in and help to carry to completion. Mr. Crowle appointed a committee to look after the enterprise here and keep the ball rolling. The committee is as follows: Capt. E. H. Hancock, chairman, and Cadets T. B. Sterrett, R. J. Howard and C. J. Churchman. We hope to be able to raise a nice sum as soon as possible and send it on to the treasurer of the Alumni Committee. It is hoped that work can be started on the monument early in the spring to have it ready for unveiling by Finals. Let's all work together and warm to the subject, infuse once more into ourselves that old winning spirit of dear old A. M. A. the spirit that ever has, does, and ever will carry the dear old white and blue on to victory. Let's all concentrate that old winning spirit on this worthy purpose and carry it on to success. If we can all pull together we will erect a shaft, such as any school may well be proud of to him to whom the school owes its very origin, to one whose influence has wielded such a force for good in the lives of so many young men. The fact that he was great is attested by the respect and devotion for his memory shown by all his old pupils. Thus his influence is partly summed up: "To know him was to love him."

### From a Loyal Alumnus

As a loyal son of dear old A. M. A., I take great pleasure in announcing to the Cadets and Alumni of our Alma Mater, that we have an Alumnus in St. Louis of whom we can be justly proud, Dr. Mauze, Pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, is one of the leading ministers of the city, beloved and honored, not only by a large and influential congregation, but by all who know him.

A man of charming personality and high intellectual ability; he wields a powerful influence for good in the community. He has taken a prominent part in the Evangelical meetings held here by "Gipsy Smith" one of the world's greatest Evangelists. Mr. Smith paid Dr. Mauze a beautiful tribute before leaving for London.

E. W. G.

The editor's call, so truly poetic,  
For song, joke or tale,  
Is an appeal most pathetic,  
And will find a response without fail.

Friends of the BAYONET, the wide-world over,  
Will read his earnest plea;  
And the magazine dear, from cover to cover  
Filled, will most certainly be.

For we love every page of the dear little book,  
And to it, we'll always be true;  
In our heart of hearts we'll save a nook,  
For the BAYONET and all its crew.

E. W. G.

### TOAST (1)

Here's to the BAYONET the paper so dear,  
Here's to its editors true,  
May we remember to send each year  
Our subscription whenever it is due.

E. W. G.

### TOAST (2)

Here's to the dear old A. M. A.  
Here's to the Faculty and Youth;  
May we not forget, though far away,  
Their standard for honor and truth.

M. S. G.



A certain young lady sent this message to M. William Hall Collingwood. "Please give my best to Mr. Collingwood. I am crazy about him, he is so very attractive." Do we think so? (Answer) ———



### Exchanges

"The Philomathean Monthly" for January, is a great success, presenting as it does, some high-class literary work. We must admit we are somewhat tired of Edgar Allen Poe just at this time, but that does not detract from our appreciation of no less than seven excellent essays on various phases of his life and work, found in the "Philomathean" of these we would mention three particularly "Poe as a Poet," "Poe's Principles of Literary Criticism" and "Poe, the Mysterious Literary Artist." The last of these is probably the best, though it might have been more systematically arranged. The book, on the whole is a little too serious in its aspect and probably somewhat forbidding to those who are not "crazy" about Poe. We also blame the editors somewhat for crowding their athletic column to the wall.

"The Monthly Chronicle" maintains its high standard. The article on Edgar Allen Poe is a masterful treatment of a great deal in small space, and shows a full and sympathetic appreciation of the great genius. The Poem, "My Lady, is exceedingly fanciful and pretty; and the story, "A Singular Life" is very interesting. "Victor More Than Once" has too abrupt a close for its long beginning.

The "M. U. S. Topics" contains abundant evidences of School Spirit of the proper kind. Their exchange editor says our last issue is up to the standard of its predecessors, but doesn't state what that standard is. "Henri Du Bois," as a story, is rather less than mediocre and has a very inappropriate title. The "Incident of Reconstruction Days" is well written, revealing an excellent understanding of that period.

We are just in receipt of the November number of the T. M. I. "Bugle." It is filled with well-selected material. There is nothing superfluous, and the editorials are well considered and well expressed. "Wedding Bells down on the Farm," is brimful of humor, the description of the "Garden of Eden," being especially entertaining. The happenings of a certain night, when the moon is shining and the hammock gently swinging, and just a faint suggestion of something that is transpiring behind the

curtain, leave us in a very envious frame of mind. What the "Bugle" has is exceedingly good. They only need a little more.

"The Cadet," of Columbia Military Academy is not overburdened with reading matter. The two stories, "Under the Honeymoon" and "The Substitute Quarterback," have little originality or interest. The literary societies and the Y. M. C. A. are all but crowded out altogether. The Exchange Department seems to be carelessly managed. We would suggest that it is not necessary to mention all the exchanges, but it would be better to comment on a few with consideration and care.

"The High School Forum," of St. Joseph, Mo., is an un-effected and very neat little paper. The Exchange Column is original and well done, though rather too brief. We believe there is competition among their staff of editors and editoresses, and only wish there were more among ours. "A Letter from a Graduate," describing Berlin, is interesting, and "Jonnie's Fishing Trip," is an excellent short story. We envy "The Forum" its long list of exchanges.

We are glad to receive also the the following:

"The Cadet," of Virginia Military Institute; "Ring Tum Phi," of Washington & Lee University; The "Sketch Book," of Irving College; "The Signal," Terrell, Texas; "The Oracle," Woodberry Forest; "College Topics," University of Virginia.

—EXCHANGE EDITOR.



When your cup of happiness is full,  
I tell you what to do,  
Leave a little in the bottom for  
The one that follows you.

W. A. T. arrived at the next place where a page took him before his Satanic Majesty.

Page: Your Majesty, what shall I do with this professional humorist?

His Majesty: Put him in a cauldron and let him bubble over with mirth.



## Personals

### Foolhardy

"Darling," said the lovelorn Tucker Cook, "can't you suggest some good deed of daring that will enable me to prove my love for you?"

"Well," she replied, "you might speak to Papa."

### Unfortunate

Capt. W.: Cook, tell us something of Spenser's parentage.

Cook, after a pause: I don't believe he is supposed to have had any father or mother.

### An Announcement

Cadet Gallagher announces that he is giving lessons on "How to train a Teddy Bear" every Wednesday and Sunday. "Liz" days. One "Liz" per lesson.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a soldier with sleepy eyes.

### Compensation

A young cadet was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform.

"Why father," he declared "the collar presses my Adam's apple so hard I can taste cider."

### A Sure Remedy

Sterrett: Did John H—give Mr. M—one of his pictures?

Cook: What would he have done with it?

Sterrett: I thought probably he would use it to rid his barn of rats.

Miller: Collingwood did you take your dress coat home Christmas?

Collingwood: Yes, I taken it and had my picture took.

### Too Inquisitive

Heiress: That Mr. Nalle is an inquisitive fellow. He asked me what my dowry amounted to.

Cook: Indeed and what did you tell him?

Some one said that they heard Holmes moved down to the "Fort" on the night of February 6.

The occupant of room No. 1 has again been shot in the heart by one of the little golden arrows from the bow of Dan Cupid. How sad (?)

Magee buys his cigars to match his stockings and neckties.

Mitchell translating a French sentence, "Enfin, il mit a ses pieds un joli petit stylet." "Finally he puts his feet in her dainty little lap."

Cook, reading Virgil: "The Carthaginian minstrels wore long golden beards."

WANTED—Some hair, as mine is rather thin.

Apply to

Maj.——

Matthews: Right? I am right and I will bet my ears on it.

Nalle: Steady son. Don't go to such extreme lengths.

Easley (on crutches and with a handkerchief over one eye) —I have come, sir, to make my application for the amount due me on my accident insurance policy.

Manager of the insurance company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find that you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.

Tallant, A: (In English Literature class) Captain W—did Shakespeare write the Merry Widow Wives of Windsor?

Col. Roller: What did Julius Cæsar mean when he said "Et tu Brute"?

Cook: He said "I ate two brutes."

Matthews: As long as Nalle whistles so well, let us make him boatswain of No. 17.

Howard: Let him alone, for he a poor lovesick swain now.

Seldomridge: Can't nobody play any base ball in West Virginia, for the mountains are so high and close together that they would have to have highballs instead of baseballs.



Nalle says that he don't see why if sins is pronounced sins (way of the wicked) in the outside world, why it is not pronounced the same way in trigonometry.

Kirkpatrick alas at night after taps,  
Was wont to get up and play,  
But Major one night caught him in a plight  
So now he doth hit the hay.

'Twas on Saturday night,  
That "Wobbie" decided to write  
On the cruise of the airship "Arrow,"  
Nalle said beware  
When on the stair  
We heard the step of Major.

FINIS—2 HOURS.



### Complimentary and Otherwise

Kirkpatrick: He is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all.

Cook: Solitude is sometimes best society.

Leonard: The silent organ loudest chants the master requiem.

Howard: A noisy man is always in the right.

Holmes: A lover may bestride the Gossamer that idles in the  
wanton summer air and yet not fall—so light is vanity.

Churchman: Cry aloud for he is a god.

Pacheco: In peace a charge, in war a weak defense.

Magee: Why, man, he doth bestride the world like Colossus.

Mitchell: Sleep, O gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse, how have I  
frighted thee, that thou no more will weigh my eyelids  
down.

Nalle: But all hoods make not monks.

Rountree, H: If you blow your neighbor's fire, don't complain if  
the sparks fly in your face.

Van Devanter: What stronger breastplate than a heart un-  
tained.

Stocker: His sheep feed on a thousand hills.

Gallagher: Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we  
write in water.

Sterret: I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;  
and, from now on I haste to my setting.

Bush: Lowliness is young ambitions ladder.

Fleming: Art may err, but nature cannot miss.

Sawyer: He baits his hook for subscribers.

Collingwood: At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished  
heads.

L. C. M.

Here is to Brother John Holmes, tried and true,  
He is a lobster through and through,  
So fill him up a bumper, celebrate the day,  
When he goes to heaven, he will go the other way.

P. S. '09

We are waiting anxiously for Pacheco to run 100 yards in  
10 seconds.

Little Nephew: Auntie did you marry an Indian?

Aunt: Why do you ask such silly questions, Jack.

Little Nephew: Well, I thought you did because I saw  
some scalps on your dressing table.

We think that Holmes ought to be elected captain of the  
Track Team, for according to Smith, Howard, DeWitt and  
Matthews testimony of that memorable Hallowe'en night. He  
showed himself to be the best sprinter that ever came to A. M.  
A.

Heed how thou livest—Do not act by day  
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.  
In months of sun so live that months of rain  
Shall still be happy.

—WHITTIER

Who was it that Easley and Smith offered ten pounds of  
candy to. Just to stay away from the dance?



### At the Fort Defiance Department Store

"What is the size of your large men's handkerchiefs?" asked Collingwood.

"They are just the same size as the small men's handkerchiefs, Mister Collingwood," said the affable salesman. "The size of the man doesn't make any difference in his handkerchiefs."

Major Roller: What made all that racket in your room last night?

Leonard: I had on combination underwear and lost the combination.

### Some Examination Answers

Geometry is the method of a thing in a space, such as a block of wood. It covers a space or it may be a box which is filled with air or a solid. Geometry is given in two parts, Plain and Solid.

Things that are equal, are equal to themselves.

Elizabeth's reign was a good one. She was the daughter of Henry VIII and Aney Boldin. Her reign is respected by everybody in England.

The Romans ruled Britian until Cæsar conquered and drove them out.

The Rough Stone Age was given because the people were so rough. The Bronds was given because the people were becoming more civilized, but still lived very poorly. The third and best was the Polished Stone Age because the people were more civilized and lived more like they had done before.

Edward, the Confessor, got his name because he never denied anything, but always confessed to it.

A Crusade is to conquer the people, in which a lot of people go together. Richard III and others too numerous too mention.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots. When she heard of her mother's death she said "it is murderous." She traveled the same road as the rest did, and was killed.

The Roundheads were so called for the hair they wore in that day was long and the shape of a ball on their head. One day in church their minister upbraided them about it, and he ended by cutting off the hair of all present, the king and all.

The Crusades was a large body of men who was gotten up by William, the Concur, to try and established the protesin religion. William, the Concur, was one of the principal ones that started it. It did very much good. It helped the country and the population.

A society has been formed by the members of the New Barracks it is called "Thunder Raisers." The following are the officers and the degrees:

### THUNDER RAISERS

First Degree Imps.

Second Degree Devils.

Third Degree Demons.

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Motto: Raise the Roof.

Colors: Pink and Blue.

### Officers

|                      |                                  |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| C. J. Churchman..... | High Arch Fiend                  |
| C. E. Smith.....     | Junior Arch Fiend                |
| J. T. Cook.....      | Recording Angel                  |
| W. D. Easley.....    | Judas, Watch Dog of the Treasury |

### MEMBERS

#### Imps

Fleming      Carter      Harman      Miller.

#### Devils

Rountree, H.      Rountree, R.      Gallagher.

#### Demons

Tallant, A.      Bell.

### Overseers of the Boiling Apparatus

Captain Scott

Captain Hancock

Thunder Queller

Major Roller.



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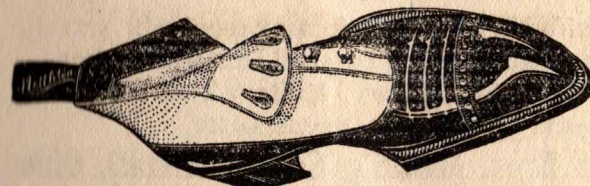
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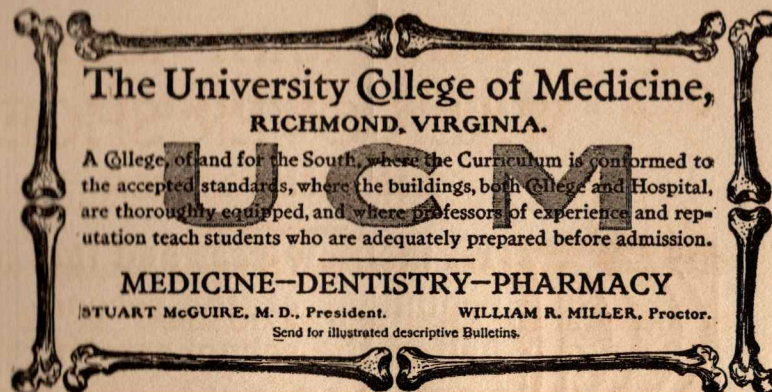
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